

He see if I can get my husbands ring

Which I did make him swear to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out face them, and out-sweare them to:

Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good fir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no myse, in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Ies. In such a night
Did *Thybis* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnchrist Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ies. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* swear he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaued it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word.

My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:

I pray you it my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,

But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,

And ceremoniously let vs prepare

Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola,

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, & *M. Lorenzo*, sola.

Lor. Leaued hollowing man, heere.

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere
morning sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you

Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,

And bring your musique forth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,

Heere will we sit, and let the founds of musique

Creape in our eares soft stiles, and the night

Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen

Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdest

But in his motion like an Angell sings,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;

Such harmonie is in immortal soules,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it:

Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,

With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,

And draw her home with musique.

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musique.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard

Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any ayre of musique touch their eares,

You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,

Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet

Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods,

Since naught so flockish, hard, and full of rage,

But musique for time doth change his nature,

The man that hath no musique in himselfe,

Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections darke as *Erebus*,

Let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:

How farre that little candell throwes his beames,

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,

A substitute shines brightly as a King

Vntill a King be by, and then his state

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke

Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,

Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke

When

When neither is attended: and I thinke

The Nightingale if she should sing by day

When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a Musitian then the Wren?

How many things by season, season'd are:

To their right praise, and true perfection:

Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,

And would not be awak'd.

Musique ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much decei'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the

Cuckow by the bad voice:

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare

Which speed we hope the better for our words,

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:

But there is come a Messenger before

To signifie their coming.

Por. Go in *Nerissa*,

Giue order to my seruants, that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence,

Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,

We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,

It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,

Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their

Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,

If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,

For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,

And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,

But God fort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bas. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend

This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all ience be much bound to him,

For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:

It must appeare in other waies then words,

Therefore I scant this breathing curtisie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I swear you do me wrong,

In faith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,

Would he were gelt that had it for my part,

Since you do take it Lone so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring

That she did giue me, whose Poetrie was

For all the world like Cutlers Poettry

Vpon a knife; *Loue mee, and leaue mee not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poetrie or the valew:

You swore to me when I did giue it you,

That you would weare it til the houre of death,

And that it should lye with you in your graue,

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should haue bene respectiue and haue kept it.

Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: but wel I know

The Clarke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerissa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,

A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,

A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,

To part so slightly with your wifes first gift,

A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,

And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.

I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him swear

Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:

I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,

Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,

You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,

And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bas. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,

And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away

Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede

Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clarke

That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,

And neyther man nor master would take ought

But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?

Not that I hope which you recei'd of me.

Bas. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,

I would deny it: but you see my finger

Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen so void is your false heart of truth,

By heauen I wil nere come in your bed

Vntill I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Bas. Sweet *Portia*,

If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,

If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,

And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,

And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,

When nought would be accepted but the Ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,

Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,

Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,

You would not then haue parted with the Ring:

What man is there so much vnreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to haue defended it

With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie

To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:

Nerissa teaches me what to beleue,

He die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bas. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule

No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctour,

Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,

And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:

Euen he that had held vp the verie life

Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?

I was inforc'd to send it after him,

I was beset with shame and curtisie,

My honor would not let ingratitude

So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,

And by these blessed Candles of the night,

Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd

The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctour?

Q 2

Por.